

A
DESCRIPTION

OF

Mr. D^{ryden}'s
FUNERAL.
A Poem.

The Second Edition.



LONDON;

Printed for *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-lane.*
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 Mr. *Dun*'s FUNERAL.

OF Kings Renown'd and Mighty Bards I write,
 Some slain by Whores, and others kill'd in Fight;
 Some starving liv'd, whilst others were prefer'd;
 But all, when dead, are in one place inter'd.

A Fabrick stands by Antient Heroes built,
 Design'd for Holy Use t' atone their Guilt;
 Here sacred Urns of Majesty they keep,
 Here Kings and Poets most profoundly sleep;
 Here Choristers in Hymns their Voices raise,
 And charm the dreadful Goblins from the Place.
 Tho throng'd with Tombs, no Specter here is found,
 They sing the very Devil off the Ground:
 No Night-Mare dances 'mongst the antient Tombs,
 Nor sulphurous *Incubus* dispenses Fumes;
 Nor let no subterranean Hag afright
 My Muse, whilst of the **Funeral** I write.

A Bard there was, who whilome did command,
 And held the Lawrel in his potent Hand;
 He o'er *Parnassus* bore Imperial Sway,
 Him all the little Tribes of Bards obey:
 But Bards and Kings, how e'er approv'd and great,
 Must stoop at last to the Decrees of Fate.
 Fate bid him for the stroke of Death prepare,
 And then remov'd him; to the Lord knows where.
 If to the Living we such Tributes owe,
 We on the Dead must pious Rites bestow;
 To our Assistance all the Wits must call,
 To grace the Glory of the Funeral.

Who

Who is the first appears unto our View,
 But haughty, proud, imperious *Mouſe*;
 Who cocks his Chin, and ſcarce affords a Word,
 But looks as big as any *Bagick* Lord;
 In the beſt Dairies fed, grown ſleek and fat,
 The creepin g *Mouſe* is turn'd into a *Rat* :
 Of others ro ws he licks the toiſom Sweat,
 And by our Sins grows impudently great :
 As chief of Wits he does himſelf prefer,
 And with our Gold bribes ev'ry Flatterer ;
 But Men of Senſe and Honour does deſpiſe,
 And cruſhes ſuch as would by Virtue riſe,
 Whilſt each lewd Rakehel of the nauſeous Town
 He fills with Coin, and does with Honours crown.
 The Nation's Wealth he moſt profuſely ſpends,
 But not on ſuch as are the Nation's Friends ;
 But ſuch as wrote our Country to inſlave,
 His Kindneſs follows even to the Grave.
 He the great Bard at his own Charge Inters,
 And dying Vice to living Worth prefers.
 Some others too in the Affair are join'd,
 Alike in Morals, and alike in Mind ;
 But theſe my Muſe muſt here forbear to name,
 Scarce worthy Honour, or deſerving Fame.

The Day is come, and all the Wits muſt meet
 From *Covent-Garden* down to *Watling-ſtreet* ;
 They all repair to the *Physicians Dome*,
 There lies the Corps, and there the *Eagles* come :
 A Troop of Stationers at firſt appear'd,
 And *Jacob Trefan* Captain of the Guard ;
Jacob the Muſes Midwife, who well knows
 To eaſe a lab'ring Muſe of Pangs and Throws ;
 He oft has kept the Infant-Poet warm,
 Oft lick'd th' unweildy Monſter into Form ;
 Oft do they in high Flights and Raptures ſwell,
 Drunk with the Waters of our *Jacob's Well*.

Next



Next these the Play-house Sparks do take their Turn,
 With such as under *Mercury* are born,
 As Poets, Fidlers, Cut-purses, and Whores,
 Drabs of the Play-house, and of Common-shores;
 Pimps, Panders, Bullies, and Eternal Beaux,
 Fam'd for short Wits, long Wigs, and gaudy Clothes;
 All Sons of Meter tune the Voice in praise,
 From lofty Strains, to humble Ekes and Ays:
 The Singing-men and Clarks who charm the Soul,
 And all the Traders in *fa la fa sol*:
 All these the Funeral Obsequies do aid,
 As younger Brothers of the Rhyming Trade.

The tuneful Rabble now together come,
 They fill with dolesome Sighs the sable Room;
 Some groan'd, some sob'd, and some I think there wept;
 And some got drunk, loll'd down, and snar'd and slept.
 Around the Corps in State they wildly press;
 In Notes unequal, like Pindarick Verse,
 Each one does his sad Sentiments express.
 The Player says, My Friends, we are undone,
 See here the Muses best and darling Son,
 Is from us to the blest *Elizium* gone.
 What other Poet for us will engage
 To be the Prop of the declining Stage?
 All other Poets are not worth a Loufe,
 There fell the Prop of our once glorious House:
 But now from us by Fate untimely torn,
 Leaves the dull Stage a Desert and forlorn.
 A dismal Sadness in each Face appears;
 And such as could not speak, burst out in Tears;
 His Death, alas! affected ev'ry Body,
 And fetcht deep Sighs and Tears from ev'ry Noddy;
 It much affected every tuneful Ringer,
 But most of all the jolly Ballad-singer,
 Who now at a Street's Corner must no more
 A Play-house Song in equal Numbers roar:

Nay, I am told, when he his last Gasp groan'd,
 The Bel-rope trembl'd, and the Organ ton'd :
 And as great things affect a little thing,
 This was the Death of many a Fiddle-string.
 No Chronicles I read of do relate
 Such a sad Hurricane in Church and State.
 The charming Songsters at our great St. Paul's
 Cou'd scarce sing Pray'rs to save their very Souls ;
 The Boys were dumb, the Singing-men were wounded,
 All the whole Choir disabl'd and confounded ;
 And when the Prayers were ended, alas then
 The Clark could hardly sob out an *Amen*.
 Not a *Crowdero* at a Bawdy-house,
 Who us'd in racy Liquors to carouse,
 But with sad haste unto the Burial ran,
 Forgets his Tittle, and neglects his Can.
 With Tag-Rag, Bob-Tail was the Room full fill'd,
 You'd think another *Babel* to be built ;
 Not more Confusion at St. Batt's fam'd Fair,
 Or at *Guild-Hall* at choice of a Lord Mayor.
 But stay my Muse, the learned *Gent* appears,
 He sighing comes, and is half drown'd in Tears ;
 The famous *Gent* whom learned Poets call
 Knight of the Order of the Urinal,
 He of *Apollo* learnt his wondrous Skill,
 He taught him how to sing and how to kill ;
 For all he sends unto the darksome Grave,
 He honours also with an Epitaph.
 He entertain'd the Audience with Oration,
 Tho very new, yet something out of fashion :
 But 'cause the Hearers were with Learning blest,
 He said it in the Language of the Beast :
 But so pronounc'd, the Sound and Sense agrees,
 A Country Mouse talks better in a Cheese,
 Or Jack-at-a-pinch, when reeling he repairs
 To neighb'ring Church to mumble o'er his Pray'rs.

The Sense and Wit they say was very good,
 Tho neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood.
 This we must all, as common Rumour saith,
 Believe the Doctor by implicit Faith:

Next him the Sons of Musick pass along,
 And murder *Horace* in confounded Song;
 Whose Monument, more durable than Brass,
 Is now defac'd by every chanting Ass.
 No Man at *Tyburn*, doom'd to take a swinging,
 Would stay to hear such miserable Singing,
 Where all the Beasts of Musick try their Throats,
 And different Species use their different Notes:
 Here the Ox bellows, there the Satyr howls;
 The Puppies whine, and the bold Mastiff growls;
 The Magpys chatter, and the Night-Owls screek;
 The old Pigs grunt, and all the young ones squeek:
 Yet all together make melodious Songs,
 As Bumpkin Trols to rusty pair of Tongs:

Now, now the time is come, the Parson says,
 And for their *Exeunt* to the Grave he prays:
 The Way is long, and Folk the Streets are clogging,
 Therefore my Friends away, come let's be jogging.

Assist me thou who, clad in Sun-beam Weeds,
 Driv'st round the Orb each Day with fiery Steeds;
 Who neither art with Heat nor Cold oppress'd,
 Art never weary, tho thou tak'st no rest:
 Assist me to describe the Cavalcade,
 What mighty Figure thro the Streets they made.

Before the Herse the mourning Hautboys go,
 And screech a dismal sound of Grief and Wo;
 More dismal Notes from Bogtrotters may fall,
 More dismal Plaints at *Irish* Funeral.

But

But no such Flood of Tears e'er stopt our Tide
 Since *Charles* the Martyr and the Monarch dy'd.
 The Decency and Order first describe,
 Without regard to either Sex or Tribe.
 The sable Coaches lead the dismal Van,
 But by their sides I think few Footmen ran,
 Nor needed these, the Rabble fill the Streets,
 And Mob with Mob in great Disorder meets.
 See next the Coaches how they are accouter'd
 Both in the inside, eke and on the outward.
 One pocky Spark, one sound as any Roach,
 One Poet and two Fidlers in a Coach;
 The Play-house Drab, that beats the Beggars Bush,
 And Bawdy talks, would make an old Whore blush,
 By every Bully kiss'd, good truth, but such is
 Now her good Fate to ride with Mrs. Dutchess.
 Was e'er Immortal Poet thus buffoon'd?
 In a long Line of Coaches thus lampoon'd?
 A Man with Gout and Stone quite wearied,
 Would rather live than thus be buried.
 What greater Plague can Heav'n on Man bestow,
 Who must with Knaves on Life's dull Journey go?
 And when on t'other Shoar he's landed safe,
 A Crowd of Fools attend him to the Grave,
 A Crowd so nauseous, so profusely lewd,
 With all the Vices of the Times endu'd,
 That *Cowley's* Marble wept to see the Throng,
 Old *Chaucer* laugh'd at their unpolish'd Song,
 And *Spencer* thought he once again had seen
 The Imps attending of his *Fairy Queen*.

F I N I S.



Advertisement.

Lately publish'd, A Poem intituled, *The DREAM*, Address'd to
 the Honourable Sir *Charles Duncomb*, one of the Sheriffs of *London*
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